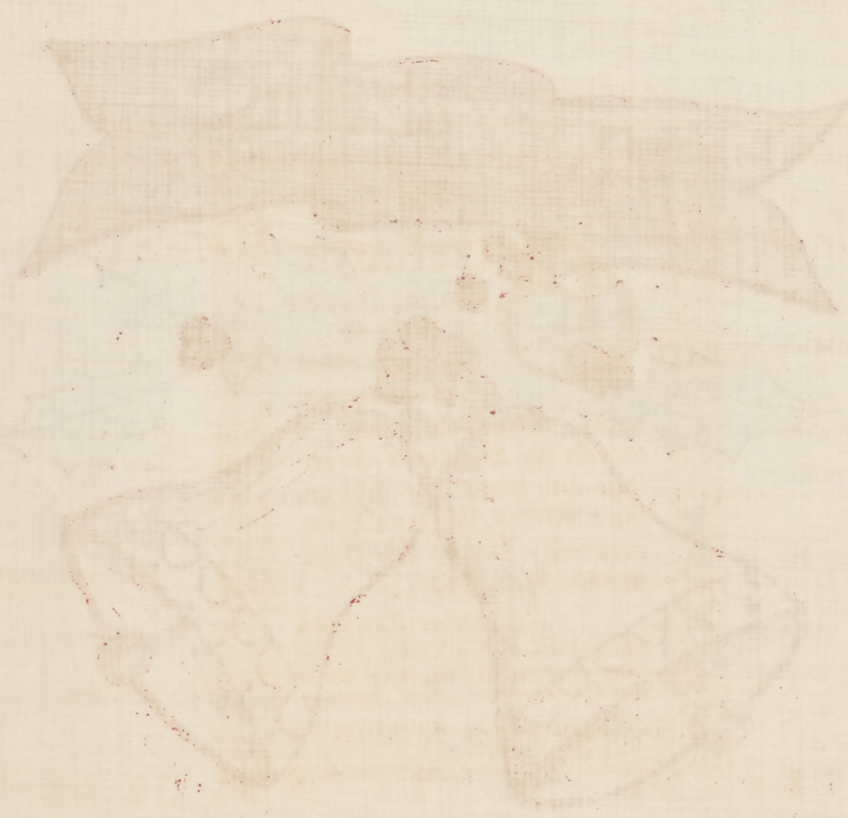


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Literary

A Christmas Transformation [Story]	3
Grandpap's Little Gal [Story]	6
Christmas Spirit [Poem]	9
A New Story of Old Noah [Story]	11
Xmas Heroine [Story]	12
A Little Child [Story]	10
Yuletide [Poem]	16

School Departments

Editorials	13
Boys' and Girls' Athletics	14-15
School Notes	17
Alumni	18
Social Notes	19
Our School	20
Joshes	21

The Sotoyoman



Literary Department

Vol. V

HEALDSBURG CALIFORNIA DECEMBER 1909

No. 3

A Christmas Transformation

By Leona Will, '11

MARKET Street was crowded with the usual jam of late Christmas shoppers, who had failed to make their purchases previous to Christmas Eve. The lights gleamed brightly in the stores, which were filled with the jostling, good-natured Christmas throng, and a glance into their cheerful faces proved the statement made centuries ago, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Lysander Kingdon had worked later than usual in his spacious office, for the joys of the Christmas season had no allurements for him. Year after year he had seen the scurrying throng of Christmas shoppers, but it meant nothing to him. He knew nothing of parents and his earliest recollections were of the hard struggle as a news boy, waiting in the back alley of the newspaper office for the two o'clock edition, and snatching a few hours sleep at odd times, with money enough for two scant meals a day. This formed the first few years of his remembered existence. By nature he was independent and asked favors of no one. Later he attended night school, earning his tuition and making few friends. Gradually but steadily he rose step by step, and now was a large land owner, using a suite of offices to transact his business.

He seldom laughed. His amusements consisted

in making money. As for intimates he had none. His joys or his sorrows were confined to himself. If he cared for men it was only for gain. Philosophy of the "Do Others" type accelerated his every thought and action. His heart was marble, his mind a machine and his feelings had long been missing. A psychologist would classify him as the King of Cynics.

On this Christmas eve he left his office at six o'clock and buttoning his overcoat tightly about his neck, started for his bachelor apartments. He passed a business acquaintance who hailed him with a loud "Merry Christmas," but received only a cold "Thanks, same to you." What did Christmas mean to him. A cheerless smile crossed his face. For others it meant a holiday, for him a day when he would not transact business. He thought of the merry throng as a pack of grinning, howling beings, and it intensified his bitterness as he thought of their foolish, unreasonable gayety. A time of good cheer indeed. No one had ever tried to make the season cheerful for him. He had never participated in any Christmas festivities.

He entered a fashionable restaurant where he usually dined, not because of the class of people who made it their rendezvous, but because he was

served better here than at other places. The mistletoe and holly which profusely decorated the spacious dining room was cheerless to him, and the laughing of the gay crowd seemed but a mockery. He left immediately at the conclusion of his meal, preferring the seclusion of his bachelor apartments rather than the noisy Christmas throng.

"Please mister, kin you give me a dime. I ain't had nothin' to eat since mornin'," piped a shrill voice at his side. He glanced down with an annoyed look on his face and uttered a stern "No," and passed on. Why should he help any one he thought. No one had ever helped him, and he had climbed the ladder of financial success unassisted. It was not his custom to give those who did not have the judgment to attend to their money affairs properly. In this class he placed beggers and all those, whom misfortune had made dependent upon others. He concluded that he had walked far enough, so took a car, and was soon sheltered within his own cozy apartments. He had not joined a club for that demanded sociability, something which he lacked entirely. Here in his exclusive apartments was where he spent nearly every night in the year. He could think of business transactions which meant money and never be interrupted. This evening he planned to spend as he would any other.

He lighted the gas in the grate and reclining in a cozy Morris chair began perusing the pages of the "Financial Review." His interest was intense, and the sounds of the outside world were lost to him. So interested was he, that the cuckoo clock on the wall had called forth the hour four times and was unnoticed. The pages of the periodicals with their money tables and transactions had a great fascination for him; so great that he failed to hear some stealthy footsteps in the hall just outside his door. The door opened softly and a burly figure entered, his eyes covered with a black band with a couple of holes to see through. He silently closed the door and advanced toward a table in the center of the room, moving slowly and noisily. In his right hand he carried a pistol, an instrument which would command a welcome most any place.

When he had reached the table opposite the deeply engrossed reader, he stopped and looked about him uncretainly. This was a new experience. His shaking hand showed him to be a novice at this game. He stood still several seconds as if studying what to do. Finally he said "Good evening." Mr. Kingdon, startled, started to get

up, but when he saw a pitsol pointed toward his face and a stern command, "Sit down," coming from behind it, he limply sat down again. He was used to commanding situations and did not relish taking orders but this was not a scene of his own selection and he was forced to obey. For the first time in years he felt at a disadvantage but was on the alert for some means of gaining control of the situation.

"What is it you are after?" he inquired as calmly as his feelings would permit. "What do you suppose, chicken hawks? Hurry up! Shell out!" answered the intruder.

Mr. Kingdon arose and took from his pockets a few gold pieces and a roll of bills which he placed on the table before his unwelcome guest.

The man took the money with his free hand and placed it in his pocket and then backed toward the door. "It won't be healthy for you to come out for a while," he warned the other as he left the room.

Mr. Kingdon was agitated by the peculiar circumstance, but after considering a few seconds decided not to tell the police. He hated publicity and besides the loss of the money was but a trifle to him. He was not superstitious so did not lock the door but paced to and fro for a few moments. Then he sat down in the same position as before, but did not read the paper, but gave himself up to meditation. He smiled grimly at the forced gift to the burglar but concluded that a similar event would not occur again in many years. He would stand the loss of this exception without whining.

He was surprised to hear footsteps in the hall, and a little agitated at the stop outside his door. The door was opened and the robber entered again, without his mask and no weapon in his hand. Mr. Kingdon did not fear of being robbed again, as he had given all his money, and he could not be forced to write a check, as he could stop payment before the banks opened. His visitor's face was drawn, and lines of grief marked his features. He came to the table silently, reached in his pocket and laid the bills and money, which he had taken a short time before from Mr. Kingdon, on the table. Tears were in his eyes as he said, "I brought it back, I couldn't keep it."

Mr. Kingdon looked at him in amazement, too astonished to speak, but plainly looking a question.

The man began, "I need the money, my wife has been sick for a month, and I am out of work. I need coal and food for my wife. I got two children and they got to be fed. We are out of food. I

ain't et nothing for two days. The doctor won't come any more without being paid and Maggie is getting worse." His voice choked for an instance, but he began again, "Tonight she's getting worse and I needed the money. I never robbed before and hated to awful, but I had too. I took your money but when I got outside I just could't keep it. It ain't mine. I don't know what I'll do, but I wont steal."

Tears were in his eyes and he turned to go. He hadn't made a step before Mr. Kingdon called "Stop!"

The man turned and faced him, "Take the money," said Mr. Kingdon, "I don't need it," and surprised even himself by the statement.

The man looked at him appealingly and said, "No, I'll take some of it but I'll pay you back."

"No, answered Mr. Kingdon, "I'll give it to you." "You can say what you please, replied the man, "But I'll pay you back, but I must go now and see Maggie."

For the first time in his life, Mr. Kingdon was interested in one of his fellow creatures. Probably the deep cynicism in the earlier part of the evening was having its reaction at this time. A new feeling came over him. Here was a man who was honest but unfortunate and needed help. When he became interested he did not do things by halves, so called to his visitor who was just leaving, "Wait, I'll go with you." For the second time within a few minutes he was surprised at himself.

"Sit down," he said, "to the man. "I'll phone for something which we need."

He went to the telephone and called up a garage near by, and ordered an automobile to be brought to his apartments. He next called up the leading physician of the city and told him he would be for him in a few minutes. Lastly he phoned to a restaurant and ordered a hot dinner for six to be packed ready for him to get. Already he heard the auto chugging outside, he soon was ready, and followed by his guest, went to the car. Silently they climbed in, and Mr. Kingdon gave the chauffeur the address of the doctor. The streets, in this section of the city, seemed almost deserted as they went flying through. They were not long in finding the doctor; and likewise had not taken long in driving by the restaurant and getting the package that had been ordered there shortly before. On they sped through the Mission district, until they

at last arrived at the home of the unfortunate man. In a few minutes they had assended the stairway and were ushered through a long dark corridor into a dismal, poorly lighted room. In one corner was a bed in which could be seen the wasted form of a woman. Near by, in a crib, were two small children. Everythig in the room was in confusion—the physician looked about him. Never since his student days had he seen such a place. But he delayed no time, and was soon by the bed side of his patient administering to her wants.

"Papa I am hungry," piped a weak voice from the crib.

"Yes, yes, you'll get something to eat" answered her father, for he was already opening the dinner that had been brought by Mr. Kingdon.

The physician finished his work and left medicine and directions for its use,

"I want you to give this case the best of attention," said Mr. Kingdon to the doctor. Then turning to the man said, "Here is a check, use it the best you can—move to better apartments as soon as your wife is able. I will be around to see you tomorrow, and in fact many times, for after this is settled I have some work for you."

At this the man's eyes were filled with tears and his speech seemed to take wings, but nevertheless every line of his face showed the gratitude he felt for such kindness.

"Good night," said Mr. Kingdon, leaving, and "I wish you a Merry Christmas." This was the first time such words had ever escaped his lips.

"I'll be around again," said the doctor as they left.

The doctor had another case, so Mr. Kingdon was left at his apartment. He went to his room a new look upon his face and feeling a changed man. For years he was not aware of such cases of poverty, and it gave him a decided pleasure to aid.

He was planning many things for the morrow, and they all were to make some one less fortunate than himself, happy. His face glowed with a new desire and he realized that in the past he had missed much. He would make up for the past, and make a new resolution for the future. For him, indeed, as well as for his assisted friend it was a decidedly Merry Christmas, and he knew that every Christmas in the future would also be a happy one.

Grandpap's Little Girl

By Kathleen S. '10

"EVENIN', Josiah—how be you and Mirandy?" "Right smart, Hiram, how be yourn folks?" "Tule'able well and the gal a cooking—you oughter see them pumpkin pies—Evenin' Jos'"—"Evenin' Hiram—giddap." Slowly the old horses plod along the narrow and illy built mountain road, in opposite directions, the two old men bent over the sloping and low dashboards, with their feet dangling down at the sides. Evening shades were closing down o'er the country and blue shadows slowly spread over the mountains. The chill wind blew, tossing the tree tops wildly about and uttering low mutterings. The silence was only broken by an occasional "giddap" from one of the drivers when the poor tired out horses walked so slowly it was scarcely noticeable. Josiah Adams puffed away on his old corn cob pipe, his faded grey eyes glancing and peering ahead in expectation. He is now nearing a turn and his little home is in sight—tears fill his eyes as he gazes at it for it will soon be taken from him; his own home that he had always loved so. A heavy debt was on it and the poor old fellow was unable to clear it so was forced to face the inevitable truth. "Grandpap, hello there," sings out a merry voice, as two brown arms are clasped around his rough old neck. "Why, Baby, where'd you come from?" fondly murmurs the old fellow as he looks with loving pride on the sunburned and bright face before him, "and where's grannie, gal?" Now, pappie don't scold me for running away from home but I jest couldn't stand that old darnin' Grannie wanted me to do, so I skipped out the back door and have been out huntin' fer berries." Oh, I see baby, to make the house look purty for Xmas," smilingly replies the old fellow, but with a heavy heart. "Sure it will be purty fine when I get through and pap guess what I did today—I baked a pumpkin pie and Grannie—"Say, dearie, you'd better come home with me now". No, no, I won't, bye Pap." With a wave of her chubby hand she bounds off leaving Josiah shaking his head sadly and brushing away a tear with his coarse home spun shirt.

"Poor little babe—let her go—it will be the last

time she can make the old place look purty, let her go—giddap"—on he goes, in a few minutes reaching home, a humble little spot.

"Well, old man, you've been a long time it pears to me—sell the spuds?" a large woman with arms akimbo and faded blue apron thrown over her scanty hair stands in the doorway peering out. "Yes, Mirandy, I sold em," meekly answered the little man as he unhitched his poor old horses. "Come to supper," the abrupt speech of the mountain woman came, and as it reaches the old man's ears he looks around anxiously. "I wisht the babe would come, but I reckon it will be some time yet."

"Supper, I said, Josiah," and again his better half stood in the doorway. "Don't be so everlastin' slow, I never seen the like in my life." I'm coming, Mirandy, but I was wonderin' where Baby was." Don't bother about that she'll come back soon, come in." They ate in silence, Josiah from time to time looking out into the growing darkness for a little sunburned face, with laughing blue eyes. Finally he could stand it no longer and pushing back his chair took down his threadbare coat from its accustomed nail and started out. Mirandy looked up in amazement. "Land sakes, what a man—just as if that big girl didn't know all these air mountains—well, I'm not agoin to fret myself," and with this she began clearing off the table and attending to household duties. The night quickly came on and the chill air blew in. She added more wood to the big fire and sat down to knit. But her needles refused to go and something seemed to oppress her. Going to the window she looked out and what a sight met her eyes. Large flakes of snow were falling and all ready the ground was covered. "Sakes alive, I hope Josiah and Gracey will be here soon, its a bad night." As she stood three the door was suddenly opened and her husband wild-eyed and gasping breath, fell in. "The baby," he choked, "is lost." Terror was written on his face which was ghastly and white. The woman grew pale and her voice was softer. "Don't say that, Josiah, she aint, I know." But he got to his feet, lighted a lantern and was determined to go. "Mirandy, keep a warm fire here

and something to drink, my baby will be cold when I find her," and his voice cracked when he added, "If I do."

On he went reaching his neighbor's house where they joined him, all in search the for Josiah's Gracey, his darling. Bitter cold it was as they tramped thru the snow, searching and calling the child. Piteously the old grandfather hunted, calling in vain until he grew so weak they carried him to his cabin. He raved and moaned as he tossed on his cot with his thin arms outstretched, calling for "Baby, grandpapa's baby," and his good meaning wife soothed him, fearing the end was near.

* * *

Six years have passed—six long dreary years for the ones in the little mountain cabin. The kind neighbors, after their great sorrow, made up a purse, paying for the debt so the old folks still had their home. But how changed they were—Mirandy's hair was white, and her sad face wore a gentle expression, a more softened appearance, and Josiah never rallied from the blow—for six years he had been an invalid, sometimes out of his mind, calling for his "little gal." His hair was white and long, and his hands trembled. His step was feeble and his voice wavered and cracked. "Poor Josiah," Mirandy would sadly say as she watched the old fellow feebly sitting at the door day after day, looking out into space.

Again Xmas Eve has come and the white mantle of snow covers the earth. Supper was over and the two sat by the fire, Josiah gazing into the fire and Mirandy knitting. Suddenly the old clock struck eight and Josiah looked up at his wife. "It's time, Mirandy," he said, and she got up from her chair going to the next room. In a few minutes she returned with a small Xmas tree in her hands which she put on the table. Lighting pieces of candle she put them on the tree and hung little home-made presents and "goodies" on it. "That's all right Mirandy," Josiah said as he looked at the little tree with tears coursing down his cheeks. Every year since the time little Gracey left, at eight o'clock Xmas Eve Josiah had Mirandy light up a little tree and cover it with presents just as they had done for the little girl. Then he would fondly caress the little plaything and call them his "Baby's toys." Never once did he give up to the fact that Gracey was dead and every day watched for her return. On this night his thoughts were all of her and as he sat looking with dim eyes at the little tree he imagined she was sitting on his

knee with her little arm around his neck as she had always done. A rap on the door and when opened Hiram Blackburn, his neighbor, stepped in. "We came over to get you to go over to the house, Josiah, Betsey wants you to awful bad—won't you come?" He stood as if he expected them to decline as each year he had come Josiah had always said, "Not this time, Hiram, 'she' might come back tonight and we wouldn't want her to find us gone." But tonight Mirandy was changed. "Yes, we'll go—Josiah it will do you good." "But wife what if the baby would come tonight." Tears filled the eyes of the woman. "I don't think she will Jos., and we'd better go." After much coaxing he decided to go, though reluctantly. When they were all ready Mirandy started to blow out the lights on the little tree, but her husband feebly resisted. "No Mirandy, don't, if she comes the lights will guide her and she'd wait till her grand pap comes to his little girl."

* * *

In the dense wood the Indians were holding a pow-wow. Large camp fires burned brightly and Braves resplendent in beads and gaily colored blankets sat about. In the distance were the wigwams where the squaws and children lived. One wigwam stood apart and was covered with skins and war trophies as if it belonged to a chief. The front flap opened and a straight young Indian girl stepped out. Her black hair was parted and hung thrown over her shoulders in long braids. Her garments were of skins, gaily covered with beads and dainty mocassins were on her feet. She stepped along quickly in the direction of the fire, with a bow and arrow in her hands. She reaches an open space and peers through the trees. Through the dense green she can see the lights of the fires as twinkling candles. As she looks something chokes her and she falls to the ground in a faint. A great longing surges in her heart and an awakening seems to come to her. What does the glowing lights of the fire and the trees, remind her of? Something, she knows—ah, yes, in a flash it comes to her and she moans, "Grandpap—and the little Xmas tree." Yes, this is little Gracey who was stolen by the Indians and has lived here for six years. The first two years she was inconsolable and wept days and days. But the Braves were good to her and treated her as a spoiled baby. They were proud of her and by the time she had been with them three years she was happy. Of course she always thought of her mountain home

and "grandpap," but some instinct within her made her like this wild life, and as time wore on the sorrow left the child and she grew to love this life. Often as she grew older she would question herself, "Why don't I go back to grandpap, if I can get away?" but when an opportunity came she hung back—something held her to the life. "Wild Bird, why you cry?" a gentle voice broke in on the girls' thoughts, and she gazed up at the young Brave who stood before her. She hung her head. "I go way tonight, Young Hawk, I go to grandpap." The strong young fellow dropped on his knees before her speaking passionately "Wild Bird no leave Young Hawk, would she?" She took his hand in her warm ones and told him all. Tonight she felt no longer like one of the tribe but longed for "grandpap." The longing was true this time and something told her to go. She thought of it as she had never before and would die if she didn't leave. She pointed to the distant fires "See, Young Hawk, they look like white people's Xmas tree—I go to grandpap." She started up and the young Brave cringed. Yes, he would help her go—on his own pony he would take her to her home, but how his heart ached—he loved her and wanted her as his squaw. But as she stood in the moonlight he could see she was not for him and read her heart. "Come," he said, and led her thru the forest to his pony. He helped her on and away they went. Never a word was spoken. Over the mountains they rode until the little cabin was visible. He drove up and she jumped off. Young Hawk "you are a good Brave and my brother," the little one whispered as she put out her hand to him. He took it awkwardly. "Wild Bird, goodbye, Young Hawk go home to die." He touched the pony and was gone—then "Wild Bird" was frightend. Did she really want to come back here? She had been with the Indians too long to change in a few minutes and as the last of the tribe, Young Hawk, left she repented her step. She turned, and through the window the little twinkling lights on the tiny tree struck her in the eyes. She drew nearer—the little room was the same, by the fire place stood

the rocking chair of her grandfather's and the little tree looked just as it used to. Those happy days came back to her, and raising her face to Heaven she murmured, "No, no, I no Indian, I want to be grandpap's little gal." Timidly she went in—how happy she was and she wondered how she had ever been happy leading the wild life. Yet there had been something had drawn her to it. Exhausted she lay on the floor before the fire and as a child played with the toys. The latch lifted and the two old folks came in. Up jumped the little Indian clad girl and bounded toward the old man—"Grandad," she cried, but he only looked at her sadly. "What do you want little one?" "Don't you know your Gracey? The Indians took me and—"

With a startled cry the old man grabbed the child gazing into her face, first in doubt, but as he looked, a change came over his face and feebly murmuring "Baby," swooned away.

* * *

Another year has passed and Christmas is approaching. In the cabin the three are living happily. The old man is never content unless Gracey is with him and although he has grown more feeble his face looks happy. Oftimes she tells him of her life away from him and when she told him of the instinct that seemed to hold her to the Indian life, he held her fondly and whispered, "Yes, Baby, I know. There is something I've never told yer, your mammy was a purty young Indian gal, and your paw, my son, loved and married her. I oughter told you afore. I see why the wild life pleased you, Baby." The young girl listened in amazement, yet her heart beat wildly and she was glad of it—her thoughts wandered back to the green forest, the tribe and Young Hawk. "Poor Young Hawk—poor boy," she murmured, and her grandfather hearing her looked up. "What's that, little one, I didn't hear yer?" Her reverie was over and she clasped both brown arms about his neck. "I was just a saying Grandpap how happy your little gal was with you." And the rough old mountaineer was contented.

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When, in December, the winds blow cold,
And snow lies deep on hill and wold,
We hear again the bells sweet chime,
Heralding the gladsome Christmas time.

Christmas comes but once a year;
And 'tis welcomed with jolly good cheer,
All are happy, bright and gay
On this, our Saviour's bless'd birthday.

Holly, fir and spruce wreathes green,
In every window can be seen;
Down the chill and frosty street
People rushing with bundles we meet.

Smoke from myriads of chimneys is lost in the
clear, crisp air,
Around the houses stand the trees motionless
and bare;

Within there is continual bustle and flurry
Making ready the cranberries, pudding and
turkey.

Little ones await in wild expectation
For Santa's annual visitation.
Before the fireplace's ruddy glow
Hangs each dainty stocking in a row.

Many old hearts filled with lonely pain,
Are made light by the children's return again,
Free from school, its rules and ways
They are at home to spend the holidays.

From out the churches the anthems swell
Repeating that story we know so well,
"Peace on earth, to men good will".
Listen! the angels sing still.

[by
S.S.
'10]

A Little Child

By Vera Pelligan '11

Bert stood at the window gazing gloomily out at the darkening day. The trees were swaying restlessly in the wind, an fast gathering clouds overhead foretold a storm; but the man at the window saw nothing of all this. The sighing of the wind, the struggling of the trees and the dusky gloom without were but a setting for the bitterness of his soul, and their subtle influence stole over him as he stared unseeingly out.

The figure silhouetted against the twilight was strong, the face well moulded—even handsome; but just now the mouth was rather too firmly set, and the eyes were steely.

At last Bert turned to where a girlish figure sat, with buried face, by the fire. He gazed with a softening expression at the brown hair shimmering golden in the firelight, and at the ore white hand clutching the cushion—then he walked toward it saying softly, "Alice."

A slight sob and a tighter clutch on the cushion was the only answer—and, with the hard expression coming again into his face Bert strode out of the room and into the dusk.

* * *

The streets were aglow with lights and crowded with happy shoppers who exchanged Christmas greetings for tomorrow—the shop windows were a fairyland of color and light.

A little girl gazed wistfully at the windows as she passed wearily by, but she dare not stop in this hurrying fashionable throng. She turned up a side street and stopped before a small store where only a few pedestrians paused, gazing wistfully at the wonders of toyland she forgot that she was cold and tired and hungry—she only knew a great childish longing, and this was reflected in the beautiful depths of her eyes and the eager parting of her lips. She was thinking of Billy and Baby at home, how they would like to see all these pretty things. Finally, with a deep drawn sigh, the child turned away from the window. She saw now how dark it had grown and fear clutched at her lit-

tle heart. Again she was hungry and cold, but she must hurry, for mama would be worrying about her. Reluctantly she passed out of the lighted square in front of the store. The next moment there was a cry and the little form lay quiet on the pavement. A figure striding down the street toward her in the dark had knocked the child senseless, and now that same figure was gathering her up in his strong arms and bearing her tenderly to the big house from which it had come only a few minutes before.

Bert placed his burden upon a couch and sent the footman off for hot milk. All the professional in him was alive now and he worked over his patient with steady unfaltering movements, but with a gentleness born of pity.

As Alice watched her resentment faded before the admiration which grew with every move of Bert's skilled fingers; while ever and anon there appeared before her the picture she had seen of the child lying in Bert's arms, with his coat wrapped around it, and the tenderness which glowed in his eyes as he laid it gently down. She had never seen Bert as the doctor—to her he had always been admirer and lover, always so reserved and quiet that only this afternoon she had passionately declared that he didn't know what love was. The memory of that afternoon hurt her now and she turned away to hide from the servants the tears of awakened conscience.

When the child was comfortable, Bert dismissed the servants, turned the lights low and sat down beside the couch. Now he could think, and he wondered where Alice was. He had been conscious of her presence, though he gave no sign, and he felt, somehow, that the pain of the afternoon had passed away.

Soon Alice came stealing softly in and in the dull glow of the fire the broken link was replaced by a new and brighter one—while outside the Christmas bells were pealing forth their tidings of joy and redemption.

MIRACLES WILL HAPPEN.

Some one asked Mr. H. a question HE couldn't answer.

A New Story of Old Noah

By Mary L. and Helen E. '12

There was great excitement prevailing in the Spirit World. People were rushing about and talking excitedly, and the reason for all the commotion was this: Noah, after all the years spent in the Spirit World, was about to sail in his ark for a visit to the world again. As he had not used it since the Deluge, and as a hole had been the result of the bump on Mt. Ararat, it necessarily had to be repaired. This job was given to a number of men who did it right willingly. Noah's wife was, contrary to what would naturally be expected, feeling quite cheerful for she knew nothing could happen to harm her spirit husband. Ham was to accompany his father. Soon all was ready so Noah and Ham stepped aboard and amid the farewells of their friends the ark pointed downward and was soon lost to sight.

* * *

The day came at last when Noah's return was expected. A great crowd gathered about and soon the cry, "Here he comes," was heard. In a moment he was among them and eagerly they asked for the story of his adventure. So seated in the midst of them, with Ham at his side, he told them the following story:

"Well," he began, "we landed at the city of X—one or two hours after we left here, for so quickly did my trusty ark fly. We hid it and then started toward the town. We were followed by a crowd and I heard some one ask, 'Is that Rip Van Winkle come to life again?' As soon as we could get away we went to a store and bought some new clothes like other folks were wearing, so that we might be less conspicuous." Here he was interrupted by a number of voices who cried, "Oh Noah! Do show them to us!" So before he proceeded Ham was dispatched for them and soon returned carrying a large bundle. After the contents had been duly examined and criticized Noah proceeded.

"First, we went along the streets for several hours examining the dress of the people, and really it was too funny for anything. Yes, it seemed very queer, and such dresses as the women wore! Not sensible plain ones like our women wear, but —" "But," Ham put in, "they were pretty, you

know they were!" Yes," admitted Noah, but just the same you can't say that of all the hats. Some had immense plumes in them, some had whole birds and the rest were so big that I believe umbrellas would be unnecessary when raining. Then in the streets there were all sorts of automobiles running around and tho' they were nice enough, yet I like my ark better. By the way, I forgot to say that everyone was hurrying and talking of Christmas, which seemed to be some kind of holiday in which they exchanged gifts. And then I forgot to tell you about the buildings. They were immense but I must say they did not come anywhere near being as great as the Tower of Babel.

Well, after wandering around for a long time we really became hungry, though why I don't know, for we never do here, so we went into a place called a restaurant and sat down beside a table—a card on the table told us the names of the various articles of food, and the first thing it said was 'Menu'—we asked the waiter for some. Our waiter, who was rather cross and not nearly so good-looking as Ham (here Ham blushed) said, "You've got one that's enough," and from that I concluded that 'menu' was the name of the card. Then I ran my eye down the list and saw to my surprise that 'ham' was there. Well, we thought we would like some of that to see if it was anything like our Ham, and do you know it was but another name for 'pig!' Finally, we got some bread and a few other things I have forgotten the names of. When we were through it was dark, so we walked down the street until we came to—— Church.

Inside all was light. The first thing we saw in going in was a large tree all aglow with many-colored lights. We were ushered to a front seat, and then we saw that the tree was full of other things. We had hardly been seated when a girl began playing the organ. Several little children sang and recited and when all had done their parts an old man, whom they called Santa Claus, and who resembled me somewhat, save that he was stout, began taking off the presents and distributing them among the people. Everybody, young and old alike was supplied with a bag filled with nuts and candy. Here is mine," and he held it up

for them to see.' "I could not eat the nuts, for my teeth, what is left of them, are too fragile for such things. They closed the pleasant meeting with a song and while everyone was singing we slipped out.

Then Ham and I came quietly back to where we had left the ark and started for home, and arrived here, as you know, an hour ago.

And now guess what we did! Ham and I bought a whole suit of clothes such as the women of the world wear, and we are going to give them as a Christmas present to the woman who looks best in them." Ham was again sent to the ark and soon returned, burdened with boxes while the ladies, old and young, ran and chatted in their excitement for all the world like magpies. A committee consisting of Methuselah, Moses and Noah was chosen, and the ladies went out, one after another succeeding in getting the clothes on. The younger ones

tried first and looked so different and ridiculous to the committee that they were greeted with shouts of laughter.

The last was Noah's wife. She was a very old lady and at first refused to try, but was finally prevailed upon to do so. When she appeared in the gay gown with the large hat resting on her head, the sight was so funny that the whole company doubled with laughter. Then the committee decided that the prize went to—

* * *

Ding! Dong! went the bells, pealing forth so loudly from the neighboring church that Daisy Halpen awoke with a start. Then remembering her interrupted dream she said with a laugh, "I wonder who was going to get the prize after all. Such a strange mixture of past and present as it was!"

A Xmas Heroine

By Ruth Beane, '13

IT WAS on a cold Christmas Eve in the City of New York. The street lamps were glimmering and the thoroughfares were crowded with people. It was a gaily dressed throng that wended its way along Turk street. They little thought of care and sorrow as they went on their ways, some to festivals and entertainments or to their own homes and Xmas trees.

As the throng came to the Auditorium where a grand ball and entertainment was being held that night, a great many people passed in through the open door, over which was hung in large festooned letters the word "Welcome." As they entered they were attracted by a girl's sweet voice singing; "There's a song in the air, There's a star in the sky; There's a mother's deep prayer, and a baby's low cry," and as she sang she looked like a pure angel just descended from heaven. When she finished a play was staged entitled "Helen's Xmas Hero-

ism" and the players were given hearty applause. In the scene where Helen was to rescue her friend from a certain death in the flames, a terrible accident happens. A lighted lamp was upset, and what terror reigned when the audience saw the gauzy dress of Helen's being quickly consumed by the flames. The girl ran frightenedly across the stage with terror written on her face, when a little child, with great presence of mind, smothered the flames. But in so doing her own clothes were ignited—she sank to the floor and just as the flames were gaining great headway assistance came to the little one. The audience dispersed and with great care the children were taken to a nearby hospital, where it was learned that this child was a cousin of the young girl who had taken the part of "Helen." The little child's name was Alice—sweet Alice—do you not think she deserves the title of "Heroine?"

The Editor's Page

Christmas Sotoyoman

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Boys' Athletics.....	Everett Lamson, '10
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A bright and merry Xmas to all. Such are our greetings and in all climes and places the Xmas same good cheer and words are spoken.

The holidays come but once a year and for all, from the small children to the old people, the same happiness reigns. Relatives and friends come together and enjoy re-unions and a turkey feast, and children view their pretty Xmas gifts and the fir trees all lighted in twinkling candles with glee. The spirit of Xmas is everywhere, in the mansions and humble cots alike. 'Tis true, every one can not enjoy the same elaborate pleasures and receive the elegant gifts as a few do, but we all can have our joys and simple pleasures. On Xmas morning the church bells ring and we all go to worship our Heavenly Father and the dear Christ. Many years ago on Xmas morning He was born in the rude stable of Bethlehem, to be the Saviour of man, and ever since as years go by Xmas is celebrated with

the rejoicing and happiness of the people, in remembrance of the holy day when He first saw light.

Healdsburg High is to have a new track. For some time this matter has been before the pupils, but until now was but a dream. Now it is a realization of our dreams. The boys have begun in real earnest and you should see how they take to the plough, shovel and pick. Every spare moment they spend working, even taking the few minutes recess for that purpose. On Saturdays there is a regular "shoveling bee," and every one works like a Trojan. The efforts of all are certainly appreciated by the school and it looks fine to see so many pupils, graduates and others, show so much interest and enthusiasm in the matter. Prof. Bull, our genial principal, showed his school spirit by being in the midst with shovel and hoe.

The Editor, Staff, and indeed the school, wish to extend to Mr. Crossan of the Tribune, the printer of the Sotoyoman, their heartiest appreciation and thanks for the fine work he has done for us. Three issues of our paper have come out this year so far, and in every detail the printing and arrangement of the paper has been very satisfactory. All the work shows that interest is taken in it, and the paper isn't put together in a slipshod way, but with a great deal of care. The press work is of the best and the journal is certainly gotten up neatly. Again I will say we all appreciate it greatly and feel that the success of our new paper is due to a great extent to Mr. Crossan's efforts.

(Continued to Page 22)

NOTICE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

This is a fact—Dolphy has a shave—but keep it DARK. (They were red).

Girls' Athletics

In this issue we have one victory and a defeat to publish, the latter is the only defeat out of the three games we have played this year and is only the second defeat in the last two years of our basket ball career.

On the afternoon train of November 29, our team journeyed to San Francisco to meet the Lowell girls. This team was one of our old opponents of last year and although we have always been successful in winning from them we have had some very close and exciting contests. We were met at the ferry by different members of the team and entertained at their homes. On the next morning at 10 o'clock we played them on an outside court at Lowell High School. The court was not in first class condition, on account of the rain of the previous day, but after a quick and snappy contest we won by a score of 17-12

Kathleen Swisher, as usual, was our star athlete and made some very brilliant and difficult goals. Eloise Scoville proved to be the star on the opposing team, she making most of the points for them.

After the game we witnessed the A. A. L. Field Meet, in which our boys took part.

In the evening the Lowell girls entertained us by taking our team and also our track team on a big ride of about forty-five miles about the bay. Each person enjoyed this ride immensely as it was something quite out of the ordinary for us.

On Sunday evening the teams returned after hav-



ing a delightful trip.

The line-up for the game was as follows:

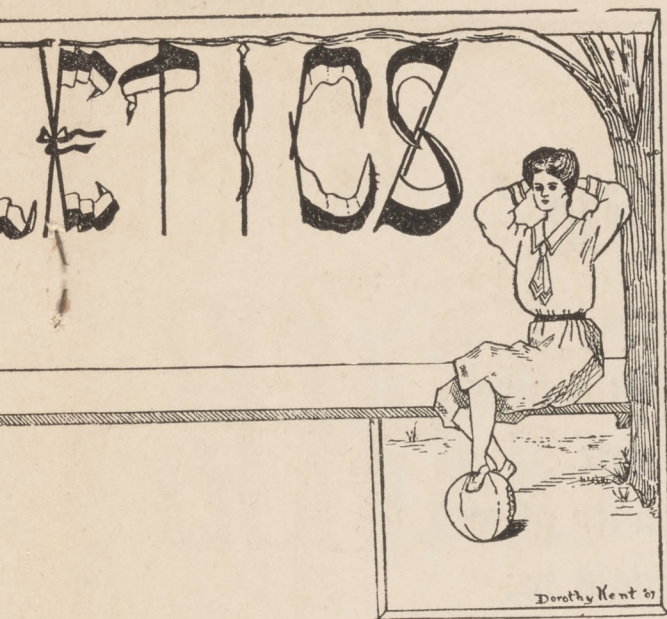
Lowell—Goalers, Eloise Scoville, Capt., Lois de Vilbiss; Guards, Edith Frisbei, Clare Evans; Centers, Muriel Cartwright, Miss Bryant. Healdsburg goalers, Kathleen Swisher, Helen Meisner; Guards, Audry Walters, Capt., Bera Mothorn; Centers, Ynez York, Laverne Hoadley, Elva Beeson; Subs., Beryle Dewey, Veva Meade; Referee, Grace Butler; Chaperon, Miss Acheson.

Next comes our defeat. On Saturday afternoon, November 6, our team took the south-bound train for Santa Rosa and was met by the manager of that team and entertained hospitably until the hour set for the game.

The first half was a very close and exciting contest, but ended with a score of 8-7 in their favor. At the beginning of the second half, first one side would score then the other, so for a while it seemed as if this game would result in another tie or in a real close score, but during the last three or four minutes they made several field goals which sent their score way up above ours and before the whistle blew our team was not able to regain any points. The game resulted in a victory for Santa Rosa, the score being 12-17 in their favor.

The game was a fine exhibition of basket ball and was exceedingly interesting all the way through. There were a number of clever plays and among them were the goals thrown by Kathleen Swisher.

We were entertained by a dance, following the



game, and all enjoyed it immensely, and we were the guests of their team over night, returning the following morning.

The line-up for the game was as follows:

Santa Rosa goalers—Allison Dickson, Nellie Longergan; Guards—Ruth Summers, Tilly Lewis; Centres—Minnie Cooper, Capt., Ida Hayne, Marjorie Cove. Healdsburg Goalers—Kathleen Swisher, Helen Meisner; Guards—Audry Walters, Capt., Bera Mothorn; Centers—Ynez York, Elva Beeson, Isabel Carter, Mary Meisner; Subs., Laverne Hoadley; Chaperone, Miss Wilkins; Officials—Grace Butler, referee; Charles Preior, umpire.

We expect to have a return game in Healdsburg with this team, and from all appearances it will be a very exciting game, as both teams are so evenly matched.

Boys' Athletics

The track season of '09 is over and the boys will do nothing more with the work until spring, when they hope to duplicate the success of last year. The new track will be in condition then and a great deal of benefit will certainly be derived from having the path here at school.

ACADEMIC MEET

October 30, the A. A. L. out door meet was held in San Francisco at the Presidio Athletic grounds. The day was a beautiful one, altho in the morning the weather was threatening. The meet taken as a whole was good although not much interest was

taken and the audience was small. The city schools were not represented and that accounts for the scarcity of people. The country schools were there in goodly numbers, and also outside schols. San Jose won the meet with 28 points, the relay race deciding the winner of the meet. Fort Bragg and Lick tied for second place, and Healdsburg came in fifth. The time made was fairly good, considering the slow rack, although no records were broken, equalled or even in danger of being annihilated. Healdsburg was represented by Lampson, track captain, Brannum, Eldridge, Coolidge, Scatena and Hall. Coolidge won the hammer, 3d in the shot; Eldridge secured 2nd in the pole vault; Scatena second in the low hurdles and second in the shot.

The girls' basket ball team and some of H. H.S. Alumni were at the meet and although not given the pleasure of seeing our boys win as they did last year, nevertheless, they enjoyed the day.

BASKET BALL

Recently the boys have taken up basket ball and spent some time each week to practice. There seems to be enough material and good at that, so there's no reason why we can't have a good organized team. Lampson, as manager, is endeavoring to get the boys together and interested in the game. The boys that are playing now and show up well are Jones, Scatena, Mothorn, Lewis, Mays, Judy, Brannum, Lampson and Sawtell. A game had been scheduled with Lowell but for some reason, the engagement was cancelled. It is to be hoped that we will soon have a game and a victory.

“Vuletide”

By J. G. B. '08

Vuletide has come with all the joys
It ever has brought to thee.
Yet as you look at the dainty gifts,
You ponder on what might be;
You sigh as you think of the homeless ones.
Tis often that we should think of these,
As we rest in our homes secure.

Let all your homes this Vuletide
Be full of happiest cheer.
A generous spirit now pervades
The close of dying year.
And hearts that oft are sad and drear,
Now happy and gay must be,
As a last farewell to the old, old year
And a greeting, Vuletide, to thee.

SCHOOL NOTES



Gladys Hall '10 and Gretchen Hall '12 spent a few days in San Francisco the first part of November.

We are glad to hear that Weaver Bagley '12 who was accidentally shot this summer, is gradually improving and we hope that he will be able to return to school soon.

Emma McComack ex-'10 is living in San Francisco.

Evelyn Goddard '11 has been ill for the past few weeks.

Florence Esler of '09 has returned to school to complete the commercial course. Vera Nelligan '11 has been absent for the past week on account of illness.

Blanche Prunty ex-'10 and Crittie Young '09 visited school Thursday.

Misses Harmon and Acheson called on Vera Nelligan at Lyttons last Saturday.

Gertrude Field's '09 who is at present attending High as a P. G., attended the Berkeley-Stanford game and is visiting Miss Bovard, our former English instructor.

Crystal Gallaway, P.G., visited in Santa Rosa recently.

The new Underwood typewriters have been installed in the commercial department and have proven their superiority.

The class in mechanical drawing now have their tables and classes at the Grammar school, as that building afforded a more suitable place for a class room.

The first meeting of the German Glee Club was held Monday, Nov. 8. A number of students stayed for the assembly and tried over many German songs. In the future meetings a larger number of members are expected as on that evening other activities took many away. The meetings are held every Monday evening immediately following the close of the afternoon session.

Homer Coolidge is at present making his home in San Francisco.

Herbert Mothorn '13, Marshall Lewis '13, Alden Eldridge '13 and Charlie Gully '12, witnessed the basket ball game of H. H. S. vs. R. H. S.

The boys have been working diligently to complete their new track in the High school yard.

Miss Harmon visited her home in Berkeley last week.

Miss Wilkins accompanied the girls basket ball team to Santa Rosa as chaperone in the recent game.

A goodly number of High scholars are taking manual training in the Grammar school this term and enjoy the work very much. Some very useful and artistic pieces of work have been turned out.

To H. H. S. Alumni Greetings:

Extract of a letter from Edith Passalacqua:

"The course I am taking is just what I expected it to be. It is even more than what is represented as being. There is such an atmosphere of music and absolutely the best at that. An entire building is given to music. It has over twenty-five pianos and as many private practice rooms besides, and Ensemble hall of goodly proportions and two class rooms for theory. Then there are so many good players. One can't help but progress if they have the least bit of talent. With instrumental music, I am taking theory, sight-reading, ear-training, chorus-singing, history of music, and biography, German, Italian, Logic and Psychology, besides sewing and several lectures a week on manners, etc.

Well, "how is H. H. S.? I was glad to get the last paper. I have it sent to me every month and enjoy it. It makes me feel as though I were still one of you and it brings vividly before me "by-gone days," with their pleasures never to be equaled in life after school days."

CLASS '09

Bertha Meyer spent a few days in Healdsburg with friends and relatives recently.

Una Williams attended the game played between Lowell and Healdsburg.

Florence Esler is attending Commercial.

Homer Coolidge has discontinued his studies at Commercial.

Meville McDonough is giving violin lessons now, and proves to be a very efficient teacher.

Chester Edge was in Healdsburg visiting relatives the last month. He holds a good position in the navy.

Grace Butler refereed for Healdsburg in the Santa Rosa game.

CLASS '08

Roy Vitousek is appointed an officer in the cadet ranks at U. C.

Rachel Fisher will return to U. C. in December.

Hurwod Griffith contemplates entering U. C.

Jessie Boss was a visitor in Santa Rosa.

Addie Crispin was in Healdsburg for a short visit with friends.

Dallas Wagers was in Healdsburg recently.

Theo Brown is visiting in San Francisco.

CLASS '07

May Banks was severely injured in a runaway accident recently. We wish her a very speedy recovery.

Gertrude Coffman was a visitor in San Francisco during Portola, and the week following.

CLASS '05

Antoinette Luce attended the game in Santa Rosa.

Ethel White was a visitor in Santa Cruz last month.

CLASS '04

Mrs. Hazel Pierce is visiting in San Francisco for a few weeks.

CLASS '91

Anna Amesbury is at home on a year's leave of absence from her school in Berkeley.



Social Notes.

As was mentioned in the last issue of the "Ye Sotoyoman," there have been class organizations formed, which are to meet every month. That is one class every week, and probably a high school reunion every fifth week. These are simply for the purpose of promoting social functions, and give the class something to look forward to during the winter months.

SOPH. PARTY

The first to open up these festivities were the Sophomores, when on Monday night, November 1st, they all assembled at Truitt's theatre to enjoy a Hallowe'en party.

This was an informal affair and hastily gotten up, yet nevertheless it proved a success, and a most enjoyable time was spent by all. The evening was spent in playing games common to Hallowe'en and its superstitious origin. Dancing also filled in beautifully with the evening's enjoyments.

Miss Acheson and Miss Harmon were among the guests, and in their usual jolly way added to the pleasures and amusements. Owing to the fact that this was given on a school night the party was obliged to break up rather early. So before the chimes of midnight bells the girls of the class served a little lunch, and then all took their departure.

FRESHMAN PARTY

The second one of the parties under the class organizations was given by the Freshmen. On Friday night, November 5th at Fox's Hall the class of 1913 made their first attempt at a party. But this was a case when the first trial succeeded, as every one who attended seemed to have a most enjoyable time.

During the evening several games were played, as suggested by Miss Acheson and Miss Studley.

All seemed at a height of glory when several upper classmen boys made their appearance. But as this was an expected occurrence it did not break into the evening's enjoyment in the least or conclude in a rough house, but the games, etc. continued until time for supper, when all were served in jolly good cheer.

SENIOR PARTY

"Thirteen" isn't always a hoodoo, for on Saturday evening, November 13th, the Senior Class of H. H. S. journeyed to the beautiful country home of Gladys Hall, in Alexander Valley. A bus was procured by the boys of the class, and the crowd was gathered at the home of Helen Jones. The night seemed ideal, and the stars shown beautifully. The ride was a merry one, and was spent in singing and giving the school yells.

At last we drew up in front of the house, all aglow with lights, and were greeted by our hosts, and taken in where blazing fires and a jolly good time awaited us.

The evening was a pleasant one and never to be forgotten by any who attended. Several games were prepared among which were, "A penny for your Thoughts," "Musical Contest," and "Charades." The prizes to the first were: Mr. Hinchey, first prize; Riley Swisher, booby. Those to the second were: Elva Beeson, first; Melville McDonough, booby.

At midnight partners were chosen for supper and all formed in a march which terminated in the dining room. The class colors were the decorations, and offered a very pretty effect. At the table speeches were given by several, and many, many thanks were extended to Mr. and Mrs. Hall for their kindness, after which the crowd took its departure.

Our School

HERE'S to the school which we adore,
 Here's to the colors she flies,
 Here's to our classmates the best on earth,
 Here's to their smiling eyes,
 Here's to the hearts that beat for me,
 True as the stars above.
 Here's to the day of all days to me,
 Here's to the school we love.

Oh, Healdsburg High!
 Oh, Healdsburg High!
 These days we'll ne'er forget;
 The golden haze of student days
 Is round about us yet.
 These happy days will pass away,
 But in the future years,
 The thought of you so good, so true,
 Will fill our eyes with tears.

So we sing to our high school, the remembrance of which will always be with us 'til the days when earthly knowledge is no more.

Healdsburg High was first organized 1890, although before that date a high school existed here. Mr. Bull, our popular principal was selected to fill that position and ever since has been with the school, watching its growth and ever giving his help and interest in all matters pertaining to the school.

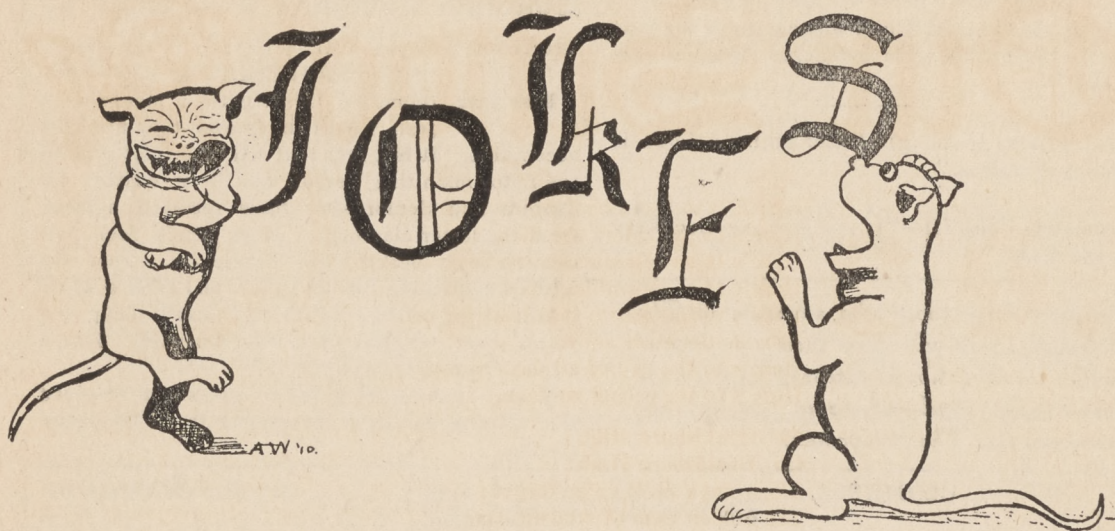
In 1891 the first class graduated and left the "life of school" to take up the "School of Life." Nine members were in that class and today all of them are holding responsible positions in the educational and commercial world. From that year up to the present time each summer has witnessed a class of graduates leave the halls of H. H. S. with the exception of 1900. In that year there was no class on account of the additional one year's study. In 1893—just two years after the first graduation, our school was accredited to the University of California and it has since been the pride of pupils and instructors to keep the standard high. The faculty in the first few years consisted of two members and the enrollment was small. But now we have six instructors and a good sized roll calling considering the size of our town.

The school is proud of its graduates—yes, every-

one of them and I think the same can be said of them. Some have attained high marks in the educational phase of life and have been honored with scholarships. Richard French '02 recently was honored with an appointment to the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Berkeley at the special commendation of Prof. Wheeler. This is a position which is difficult to secure and is given only to those who have proven themselves most efficient. Fred Newsome '04 and Roy Vitousek '08 have also had scholarships given them.

In other lines have H. H. S. Alumni and students excelled, notably in athletics. Ralph Rose, world champion, and Harry Bell, Stanford man have reaped many honors, and too, in very recent years we have come to the front and won many laurels on the athletic field.

Organizations have been formed, such as the Senate which has had a great influence on our school. Our school paper, "The Sotoyoman" ranks well in the lists of such journals and is an important factor in our school life. School spirit and patriotism abounds at all times. Also we have a Commercial Department under the direct supervision of Prof. Hinchey and the pupils graduating from same have no trouble in securing favorable positions. With true hearts let us all sing to "Our School, the one we love.



ECHOES FROM GEOMETRY III.

L. D.—“The angle ABC equals DOG.”

Miss Acheson—“Miss Gladden, put your figure on the board.”

WAILS OF THE SENIORS.

Adapted from Tennyson's Aenone.

I.

Oh, Wilkins! Mother Wilkins!
Hear us 'ere we die—
Give us no more English papers—
Oh hear our daily cry!

II.

Oh, Henry! Father Henry!
Harken 'ere we die—
Rub that Phys. test off the board
Or else we die, we die

QUITE EXCUSABLE.

“Dere mam—Please eggscuse Willy. He didn't have but one pair of pants an' I kep him home to wash them and Mrs. O'toole's goat come and et them off the line and that awt to be eggscuse enuff, goodness nose.

Yours with respect, Mrs. B.”

Miss Wilkins—“Basil Hall, come here and take a front seat.”

B. H. —“Oh, I can't afford it!”

DIALOGUE.

Scene—Hallway of H. H. S., showing bulletin board with the notice “Lowell vs. H. H. S. at Lowell.

Actors—Audry W. and Dolphy.

Dolphy (viewing the notice)—“Do we get reduced rates?”

Audry—“Yes, \$2 round trip.”

Dolphy—“Guess I'll go to the game, but how much is the fare from San Francisco to Lowell?”

A. W.—“About \$7.50.”

Dolphy (soberly)—“You won't see me then.”

Lizzie S. (in 3rd History)—“He appointed officers to the Church and didn't let them remain vacant.”

HEARD IN ENGLISH III.

“He had small features including a small head.”

“She had dark black hair.”

“No one could do anything as well as he could in his own eyes.”

Mr. Bull—“Its nonsense in the first place and its serious in the second place.”

Miss Harmon (to German Students)—“Now, go ahead!”

V. N. (aside)—“I feel safer afoot.”

THE NEW VOWEL.

a-e-i-o-u-kid!

WHEN AND WHERE—BUT WHO?

Who is the big-eyed Senior who comes to the seat opposite Freshie Beatrice and makes "goo-goo eyes mit her?"

Miss Wilkins (reading)—"And again Acimus is killed by Horatius."

Geometry, Class III—"If you give me Geometry give me death."

By patronizing those who advertise in *The Sotoyoman* you will show them your appreciation for their liberal patronage of our own school paper. And--whenever you buy always mention *The Sotoyoman*.

Editorial--Continued from Page 13

Freshies and Sophs THIS MEANS YOU—please hand in SOMETHING by way of contribution. If its nothing more than a josh, hand it in as even they are very acceptable. It is a fact that all the material in the Sotoyoman this season has been written by Juniors and Seniors—we have received nothing from the lower classmen. Now, don't feel that others can do better than yourselves. Just try writing something for the paper, and after a while it will become such a habit that you'll keep the editor busy reading your compositions. That's a fact, "sure as you're alive."

N. B.—Just before going to press we received two stories, one from '13 and one from '12—many thanks.

CLOTHIERS.

Adv Page No.

Rosenberg & Bush.....	1
Chas. F. Byington.....	1
J. W. Crider.....	4
J. H. Herron.....	5
Evans Drug Store.....	2
Clough's Pharmacy.....	5

GROCERS.

Passalacqua & Cook.....	4
Dennis & Haigh	Back Cover
Rochdale Co.....	6
Cnopius & Breiling	5

FURNITURE DEALERS.

Skee & Harrison.....	2
French & Rouse.....	Front Cover

LUMBER COMPANIES.

A. F. Stevens Co.....	2
Sotoyome Lumber Yard.....	Back Cover

HARDWARE.

A. W. Garrett.....	4
Murphy & Rose.....	Back Cover

BARBER SHOPS.

Sotoyome Barber Shop.....	5
Fergie, the Barber.....	5

SHOE DEALERS.

Vitousek & Co.....	6
Schwab Bros.....	Front Cover
M. M. Rosenberg.....	5

BANKS.

Farmers and Mechanics.....	Front Cover
----------------------------	-------------

TOWN PAPERS.

The Scimitar.....	Back Cover
-------------------	------------

Adv Page No.

The Enterprise.....	3
The Tribune	Insert

HOTELS.

Hotel Sotoyome.....	6
Union Hotel.....	5

MISCELLANEOUS.

Carriage Hospital	3
Eph. Weiss, Optician.....	3
Moving Pictures.....	3
Golden Rule Cyclery.....	5
E. H. Beck, Livery	5
A. Lampson, Blacksmithing.....	4
Foster's Candy Store.....	6
Mrs. Shriver, Millinery.....	6
Bowling Alley.....	Back Cover
Healdsburg Garage.....	Back Cover
Home Bakery.....	Back Cover
H. R. Bodge, Books.....	Back Cover
Louis Koberg, Jeweler.....	3
Sonoma & Mendocino Realty Co.....	2
Healdsburg Bottling & Ice Works.....	1
James Brown, Buggy Man.....	4
Eagle Bakery.....	4
Yosemite Engraving Co.	Front Cover
O. O. Cobb & Co, Dry Goods-Furnishings.....	1

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. Walter Seawell, M. D.....	6
J. R. Swisher, M. D.....	6
John C. Condit, M. D.....	6
Dr. Edgar Morse.....	6
J. F. Rosnberg, Attorney.....	6

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When sad we grow, and weary,
A-hearing Peary roasting Cook,
And Cook parboiling Peary.

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Physics III awaited him, and remarked, as he took
up his book, "Well, where are we?" Class in
unison, "Here!"

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G. H. '10—"Oh! my feet are so cold."

C. J. '10—"Well if your hands were cold I'd
know what to do."

Mr. H. (History V)—"As you know, Schmitz

was formerly a violinist."

B. H. '10—"I wonder if he plays the violin
now."

F. P.'s coat lying on the floor. A. H. has her
foot on it.

F. P.—Get your foot out of my sleeve."

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IN PHYSICS IV.

Mr. Bull—"Define paradox."

Fannie P.—"A paradox is something seemingly
absurd, nevertheless true."

Mr. B.—"Illustrate."

F. P. —"A pig is cured after it has been killed."

Mary had an air-ship,
She learned to run it well;
One day the thing exploded
And blew her clean to—pieces!

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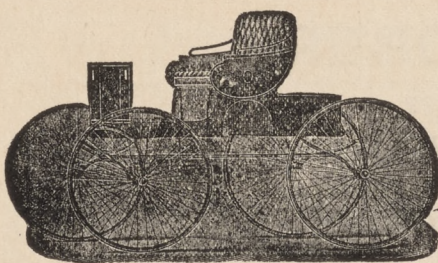
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NO JOKE.

Senior class (9:02 a. m.)—one minute before
U. S. History. "Well we must begin to study our
history now "

Mr. B. (Physics IV)—"A foot is a unit of meas-
urement."

"G. G. says she is five of a unit."

Miss W. (Eng. II)—"For tomorrow learn 48

lines of this poetry. Now are there any questions."

H. S. '12—"Yes, any more to learn?"

Mr. Bull—"Well this is a kind of mechnation—
I mean mechanism."

IGNORANCE IS BLISS (?)

B. H. (Phys.)—"How can you measure best with
a meter stick?"

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and have it made to your individual
measure. It will please you better.

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HERRON'S

Mr. H.—“Henry give those first five examples quickly.”

Henry (silent).

Mr. H. (loudly)—“Henry Passalacqua.”

Henry (still silent).

Mr. H.—“This is like raising the dead.”

Mr. B. (Physics IV)—“These rays are conjugate. Now conjugate means to marry—hence these are married rays.”

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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1902

The Solovome Scholastic

Volume 1, No. 1

1902

By William A. B.

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